

Speedway Sights on Sunday.

A Great Free Show Weekly for
New York People.

Imperial Rome gave its populace bread and circuses; New York town, more than imperial, as yet provides only the circuses. But it is a question if Rome ever spent as much upon its amphitheatre as New York has put into the Speedway and its approaches.

Manhattan's face is full of choice topographical surprises. Not one of them can compare fully with the Speedway site. The course easily is among the most picturesque in the world.

The driveway really begins somewhat before the beginning—in St. Nicholas ave-

away the most impressive approach, one sees high on the hill the historic mass of Hamilton Grange, once the home of Betty Bowen Jones. There is a flag in the yard of a flag streaming straight out upon a rocky west wind.

Behind the wooded background is the site of historic Fort George, now given over to beer drinking and the speech of the Vindicator. But one need not think of that—there is enough right at hand to fill eyes and mind and perception.

The road drops in a long incline, meadow for ten blocks, after that a broad redish-yellow, earthen ribbon. The raceway edge is like lengths of silver lace.

There is a line of green grass between

The man in front has a strong face, bearded, shrewd-eyed, kindly. The lips are set, the eyes tense, the whole pose full of power. The whip is held upright, the reins tightly clutched; now and again he speaks a low word, too low to be heard by the side-walkers, though evidently reaching the ears of his horse.

Colewells may know intuitively what his master feels. He goes, goes, with the mighty stroke of a race line. His stride is low, his ears are flat against his beautiful chestnut head, his eyeballs flare, but not with temper—his the star and the spirit which, joined with speed, make the horse which does or dies.

On a he thunders, his head nodding the head bit in fine, faultless rhythm, his quickening hoof beats sounding a march of triumph as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the goal.

The battle is not won. Dave Lamar wheels as soon as he can pull up, asks a question mainly with his eyes, is answered with a quick smile to her trainer and her sire, the world-famous Electioneer.

She goes high, so high it almost seems to scorch the earth, but her reaching plunging is a dear space. A casual onlooker would say the horse went ten yards to her nose, and covered ground with much more

HIS LONG SEARCH FOR JONES.

LAW STUDENT WITH SUMMONS
HAD TROUBLES TO SERVE IT.

Don't Take Up Law, He Says, Unless You Want to Travel All Over New York and the Suburbs in Quest of a Man Who is Having Fun at Your Expense.

"If you want to seize the great hedgehog success, where there are fewest prizes, for something else than law, I said a college graduate who recently began work in a downtown law office. 'Talk about troubles, did you ever serve a summons?' No? Neither had I. But one morning the managing clerk said to me: 'Ever serve a summons?'

"No," said I.

"It's easy," said he. Here take this, and give to the Mr. Jones mentioned. You must be able to swear you gave it to the right man, though."

"All right," I answered. So I put the summons in my pocket and started. The Mr. Jones in question has an office on the East Side about an hour's ride from the law office. His house is nearby, and he is contractor for some work in a suburb, we'll call Goshink, about fifteen miles from anywhere. I didn't know that then.

"That day I thought I'd find him immediately. I went to his office, where I was told that he was out. They didn't know when he'd be in, so I went to his house. 'Out,' I was told by one of these colored persons who give you apprehensions lest they revert to their original state of savagery at any time. So I went back downtown.

"About 1 o'clock I went again. At his office, 'Out.' At his home, 'Out.' Nobody knew where he was. I'd been told not to let him know what I wanted so I refused to tell, and his clerks grew suspicious of me. I went downtown, and after dinner tried again. Mr. Jones was out and hadn't been home to dinner. I was told until 9 o'clock on his doorstep and then left.

"Next morning I was at Jones's house at half past 7. He was out; nobody knew where. At his office they hadn't seen him. By this time everybody grinned when they saw me, even the ebony-haired savage. I sat down in his office and waited for two hours. Finally a clerk said: 'Here's Mr. Jones on the phone now.'

"I grabbed a receiver and a voice said: 'Hello, who are you?'

"My name's—"

"H'm, what do you want?'"

"See you about business personally."

"Then Mr. Jones became very curious about my business. Finally in desperation I said, 'I'll come now if you'll tell me where you are. Wait for me.'

"All right," I'm in Goshink looking after some contracting," he answered.

"I jumped on a car and rode to the end of the road. Then I took a trolley and rode some more, walked two miles and found myself at part of Jones's excavation, which was three miles in length. To get to part of it I had to cross a railroad trestle ten feet high, over water, with the ties about two feet apart."

"I went to two offices in shanties, climbed

case to himself. But do what he will, stretch, strain, quiver, he cannot shake her off. She hangs like a bulldog till fifty yards from the wire, then the man in the white hat, who has been sitting state-like, leans far forward, swishes his whip mightily, calls in shrill, whistling tones, lets out the last bit of a wrap, and the race is over—Colewells has lost, though by a narrow margin.

A third heat is, of course, inevitable. People forget to gossip, and stand still, save when they crowd for better seeing places.

This time the flyers come in view neck and neck, each doing a desperate best from start to finish. The big, gallant chestnut strains! His motion is so swift no eye can follow it; the sulky wheels show only as motionless, shining rims magically impelled along the course.

And gamely the bay mare keeps at his throat latch, lurching so high she seems to be leaping all the way. Neck and neck, stride and stride, they keep it up until the very last, but the bay will not be denied; she gets her nose in front by at least six inches.

The brushes have been typical—every Sunday, every minute, with sound footing, seen them duplicated a hundred times over. Even the least trotting horse master hesitates to risk his flyers upon slippery or sloppy going, or in stiff, holding mud.

Not a few horse owners have stables close at hand. E. H. Harriman, who owns the famous John B. Gentry, for example, faces the track from his gates, which are said to be the best appointed stable of

been there Saturday. I walked the trestle and went home.

"Next day I went straight to Goshink. My faithful allies hadn't seen him. I telephoned, you understand, to his office regularly. One old foreman told me Jones had been there that morning, but I didn't really believe him. However, I walked the three miles of excavation and the trestle, and after having dinner in the back of a saloon with a number of the great unwashed, left for Jones's house again."

"He was out, of course. I thought of buying false whiskers and disguising myself, but this Sherlock Holmes business didn't appeal to me. I chased around to his club

but they hadn't seen him for days. "Next morning I reached the Jones house at 7 o'clock. He was out, so I walked up and down the block. An hour or so later I saw one of Jones's clerks across the street. I went over and asked automatically for Mr. Jones."

"Sir, what do you want him for, he asked."

"Then I told him. I was tired of the hide-and-seek game by that time. He said: 'He'd tell Mr. Jones and telephone me an appointment. This wasn't very satisfactory, but it was the best I could do, and I went to the office, where my expectation of an appointment was ridiculed."

"I went to his office about 11 the next day and waited. At 1 o'clock the telephone rang, and his clerk informed me that he'd met Mr. Jones and they would meet me on a certain street corner. I started on a run, not very sanguine."

"As I approached the corner I saw two men, one the clerk, another a man who answered to one of my seven descriptions. A grin of triumph came over my face when I saw him. He grinned back appreciatively."

"It was Mr. Jones. I served him, and we had a little chat for a second or two. He carried gently, and he seemed like a good fellow."

"Now I'm trying to figure it all out. Why didn't he let me find him? Why did he send me on that chase to Goshink, and as he really out of town?"

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time, not singing all the time, of course. "Then he lunches and goes out for a long, brisk walk, a ride on a wheel or on horseback, and eats his last meal before the opera at about 1 o'clock. He does a little scale work and gets to the opera house at 7 o'clock."

"He doesn't spend hours in eating or drinking after the opera is over, either, but usually makes for his home, and that is the sort of a life he leads all the season."

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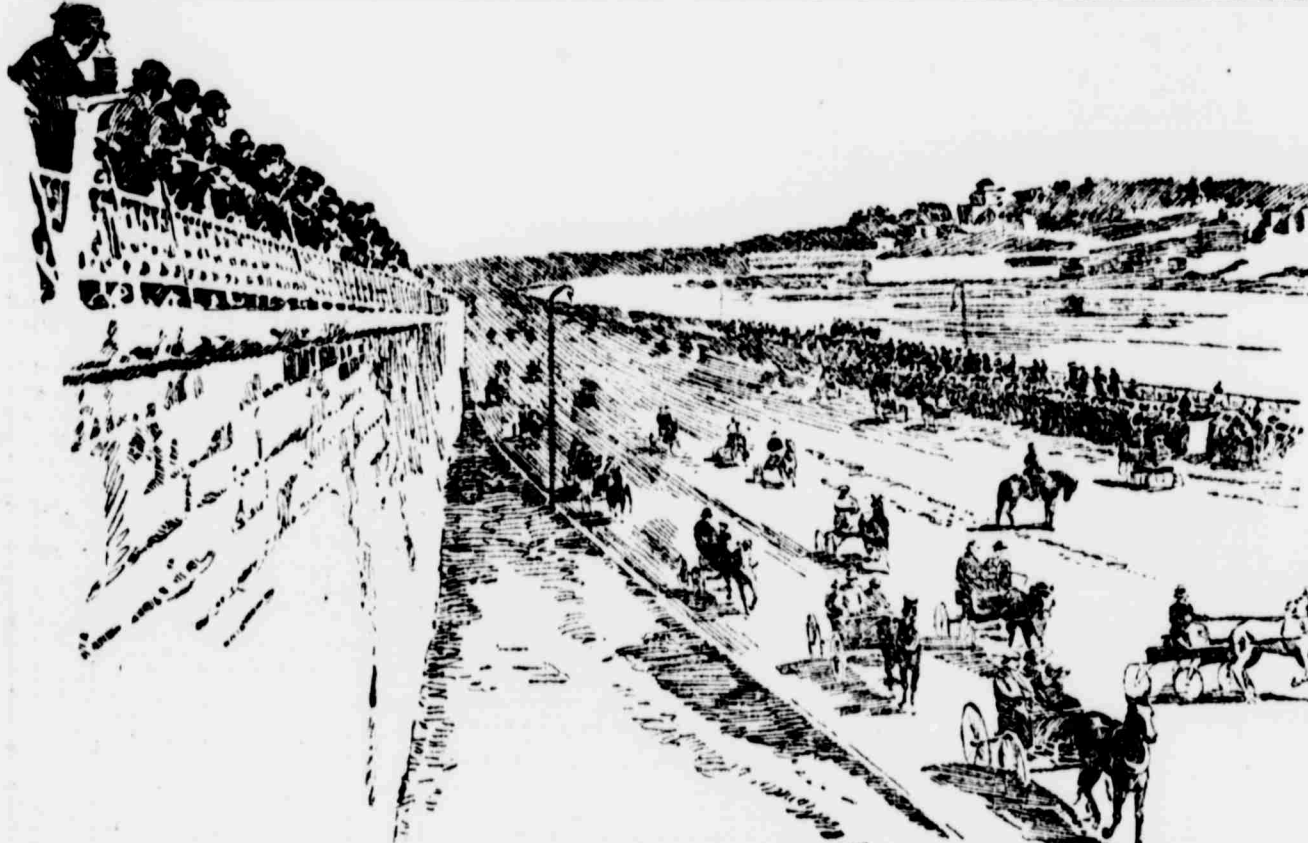
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THE SPEEDWAY.

nue, on the uppermost verge of Central Park. It is something like two miles from the Park to the head of the Speedway at 15th street. Thus there is a parade course about four miles long.

Sull St. Nicholas avenue is not the sole, or even the favorite, route of Speedway drivers. Upper Seventh avenue and the viaduct spanning the Harlem Valley at the head of the Speedway are chosen somewhat often.

Another for those who like long drives is the new Boulevard Lafayette, which has been cut in the edge of the Hudson River hillside and makes into the course proper through Dykman street, which is its upper boundary.

Then, too, there are the suburban roads and their contingent folk from White Plains, Mount Vernon, Yonkers. All roads, indeed, lead to the Speedway—even Brooklyn and Jersey folk wander in sometimes, although they have fine driveways of their own.

However gathered, the show of horses and horsemen is well worth seeing. A great many people evidently are of that kind, for upon any Sunday which promises good footing ten thousand are likely to gather and look on.

Special events, match races, the annual road drivers' parade, bring out from thirty to fifty thousand spectators.

The knowing ones cluster as thick as

the yellow ribbon and the silver lace, but one must go early to get full view of it. By 11 o'clock the walkways are so full, they are no more than blurs and blotches of color.

At least half the onlookers are women, tricked out in holiday bravery. Children, likewise, abound, the most part in gay coats, some few in sombre black ones. But even the black coats have redeeming fripperies of lace and color in head and neckwear.

The surprising thing about the whole assemblage, indeed, is that it is a dress parade, no less for the spectator than the performers. Beyond a doubt, going to the Speedway stands to many up-town residents very much for what going to church did to their rural ancestry.

However that may be, the crowd is in excellent humor with itself and the world at large, with no greater present ambition than to be reckoned in the know as regards the speeding and the speeders. It chats and preens itself, and ruffles into gentle ripples of interest at the daring of venturesome small boys, or at the sight of cunning small girls tugging at the reins out in the road.

Momentarily some star of the Speedway flashes down the line. Murmurs go all about.

Ethan Straus has Colewells out this morning. Pshaw! I was sure he'd drive Alvin instead."

"He's in the red Gerken in the side lines! It can't be he's going to quit the game!"

"There comes Claus Bohling! Now look out, somebody. He told my cousin's uncle yesterday he had the heels of everything likely to show to-day!"

